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A N

H. Spencer (C.) 3^d Earl of

Sunderland

E L E G Y

On the much Lamented Death of

Charles Earl of Sunderland,

Who Died APRIL, 1722.

LONG since the PACQUET brought the dismal News,
Yet for our Loss sits silent every MUSE:
Let no vile Pen lament our Publick Woes,
No *Grub-jireet* POET dare to Interpose.
See how this drooping Nation hangs it's Head,
For Grief to hear Great SUNDERLAND is Dead,
Chief of the SPENCERS Race, by Merit known
In *British* Annals, DARLINGS to the THRONE.
His ANCESTORS receiv'd their due REWARD,
From which our HERO is by DEATH Debar'd.
He from a NOBLE FATHER did Descend,
For *Firmness* fam'd to GOD, his KING and FRIEND,
The FATHER's Virtues copied by the SON,
Who has the great ORIGINAL Out-don.
Our differing PARTIES who each other cross
In all things else, agree to Mourn his Loss.
Poor IRELAND justly may his Fate bemoan,
Who lov'd OUR Country as he lov'd his OWN.
Our CLERGY *Here* with PASTORS he supply'd,
CHASTE, PIOUS, WISE and LEARN'D, our CHURCH's Pride.
This great MESSIAS was to SCHOLARS kind,
And had a THOUSAND BOOKS all GILT behind,
Knew all their Names by HEART, knew where they lay,
And duly went to see them EV'RY Day.
Now as the KING of GREECE desir'd no more
To Conquer GREECE than NESTORS Half a Score.
So were great SUNDERLAND again alive
With FOUR his EQUALS (for we want but FIVE)
All MANAGERS like him, we'd find in Sight
Of HELL and FACTION, Things wou'd SOON be RIGHT.

The E P I T A P H.

HERE underneath this MARBLE Sleeps,
An EARL for whom this MARBLE Weeps,
Sincerely Weeps, as if it knew
His WORTH as well as I or you.
This MARBLE speaks him GOOD and WISE,
Speaks without TONGUE, Weeps without EYES,
And surely MARBLE never lyes.
Then look on ev'ry TOMB-STONE round,
You'll think all VIRTUE under Ground
What e're Men be ABOVE, we know
They'r SAINTS and HEROES here BELOW.

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